MY PHILOSOPHY.

affus army that a man Who does about the best he can Is pienty good enough to suit This lower mundane institute, No matter of his duly walk Is subject for his neighbor's talk, And critic minds of ev'ry whim Jest all get up and go fer him.

It's nachural enough, I guess,
When some gets more and some gets less,
For them that's on the slimmest side
To claim it ain't a fair divide,
And I've knowed some to lay in wait And get up soon and set up late To ketch some fellow they would hate Fer goin at a faster gait.

The stone to bad when folks commence A-findin fault with Providence
And naikin 'cause the world don't shake At ev'ry prancin step they take. No man is great till he can see How less than little he would be Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare He hung his sign out everywhere.

My doctrin' is to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied; Jest do your best, and praise or blame That follers that count jest the same. I've allus noticed great success Is mixed with trouble, more or less, And it's the man who does the best That gits more kicks than all the rest. -James Whitcomb Riley.

STORY OF A STATESMAN.

He was a dashing young Congressman, who came to Washington on the tidal wave from one of the districts in the South. But he had not been at the Capital more than six months before those who had known him at home and came here on business scarcely recognized him as the same man. A great change had come over Algernone Smith Brownlee, M. C. At home he had never amounted to much, socially. He came of very poor parents-"white trash" the colored verciet said-though his relations had never been indicted by the grand jury. Mr. Brownlee's pedigree, however, began with Mr. Brownlee, and what he lacked in aristocracy of blood he made up by his prodigious hustling abilities. With his keen energy and upward tendency of mind, he had the good fortune to combine an affable disposition, an accommodating manner, a pleasant smile and a certain good address, When he entered the race for Con-gress, none imagined for a minute that he had the slightest prospect of success; but the average political weather prophet has a dangerous tendency to pin his faith to the infallibility of his own opinions and standing pat upon them; and that is why it happens so often that young men like Mr. Brownlee beat out an old race horse and go to Congress on a tidal wave. Unlike the ravens who croaked his doom. Mr. Brownlee did some char-acteristic hustling, snatched the nomination from a tired old campaigner and was elected.

When he reached Washington he wore the conventional soft black hat and long black skirt coat, a Southern idea of a Prince Albert; but before he had been here six months he looked like a copy of the latest edition of one of Jim Bell's Broadway swells, with a silk hat, black cutaway coat and gray trousers. And that's why his

constitutents scarcely recognized him. It's strange how these things hap-pen in Washington. The rich and thoroughbred Miss Daisy Vernon, who had smiled with icy scorn upon the suits of a dozen society men casting themselves at her feet, together with their fortunes and pedigrees, felt her heart dissolve beneath the in-sidious attention of Mr. Brownlee, M. There may have been something

in that M. C., a mistaken idea, perchance, that a man who is sent to Congress must be the cock of the walk in his district—an idea that some persons have-and that, altogether, the suit of a member of the Hodse, who combined as many attractive qualities as her Brownlee, was preferable to that of any other mortal.

And so, to cut things short, after a dashing courtship, they were married at one of the fashionable churches, with a great display of pomp, the attendance of her distinguished relatives, and his Congressional friends, members of the press, etc. Then, after a brilliant reception, they departed on their bridal trip, but not to Brownlee's home. On the contrary, he purchased tickets over arail-

road that took him in a diametrically opposite direction, just as far from his district as he could go.

The trip came to an end and then rownless and his wife returned to Washington, installing themselves at one of the leading hotels. Brownlee had seen enough of the world to discover the secret of making an impression in society. With the aid of his wife's social standing and his \$5,000 income, the way was open to him, and he made the best of his chances. He was received everwhere with open arms, and if one man ever hit it rich it was that same energetic young member of Congress.

On the whole, Brownlee deserved it He had no influential friends to thank for his rise in the world; no family influence had stood back of him to direct his efforts; no money had been used to buy him a seat in Congress. He had just invested what mother wit nature had endowed him with, and when fortune, in her timid way, had inneated at his door, as she is said to do at every man's door once in a lifene, he had said, "Come in!" in his

fourtest tones. And he was honest and sincere. He had not deceived Miss Vernon about his pedigree. She had taken him for botter or worse, and the fault was here if she should feel disappointed. Brawnlee was a good working member of Congress. He made friends rapidly with the leaders, and watched that they never lost sight of him a single All this young man wanted was opportunity. He would rise to the occasion, for that he vouched.

The resison came to an end. The clastion was near at hand, and every maniber hastened home to look after It was the hardest strugale of his life to decide upon a course of action with regard to his aristo-rile wife. Take her home? Leave her here? He suggested the latter

"I have been thinking a great deal remarked Mrs. Brownlee. I think I shall accompany you. You know, dear, I have never seen your papa and your mamma. I have formed my own ideas of them and am rea! anxious to see them. They must be just charming people to have a son

"Ally" is what she always called him. But there was no music in the sound of the sweet diminutive as she uttered it on this fateful morning after breakfast. Brownies had a headache and was not as responsive to his wife's affectionate caresses as usual. "Well, I'm not ashamed of 'em any-

how," he replied in desperation. They packed their things and left

town the next evening.

If Mrs. Browniee, in her buoyant trustfulness, anticipated scenes of greeting in which mingled residence on the banks of Lake Como, as de-scribed by Claude Melnotte, with the other details of romantic stage illusions, which beguile the sense of a girl who has seen only the fashionable side of life, her anticipations were somewhat dampened when they stepped off the train in the dark and found themselves on a platform where some rough looking men were lounging about under the canopy of a projecting roof that was sheltering them from a dreary

They seemed to recognize the member of Congress, despite his disguise, for he were a fashionable overcoat and a closely rolled umbrella, though he had exchanged his silk hat for a derby. After some whispering the knot of loungers gravitated toward them.

"Dog my cats, Bill!" called one, "if this ain't Smith Browniee. Hello, Smith; got back, have yo'?" slapping him on the back. "My, but yo' look putty! Come 'ere, Jim, look at 'im. Would ye know 'im if yo' met 'im on a dark road? Say, Smith, yo' must a struck it rich when we sent yo' to Congress? When yo' left yar yo' didn't have an overcoat to yo' back, an' I'll leave it to the crowd, now did

Smith tried to take it as a joke. He laughed softly, and introduced his wife in the ill-lighted waiting room, whither the delegation of his constitu-

ents had followed.

They removed their hats and stared at the lady like a lot of bumpkins; but this diversion continued only until the most loud spoken constituent could think of saying something that was intended for a compliment to Mrs. saying something that Brownlee, but which ricochetted upon her husband in the form of another rude sally at the metamorphosis of his condition, when they all "haw-hawed" in chorus.

Mrs. Brownlee was beginning to feel shocked. The smell of the coal oil made her ill, and she pinched her husband's arm as a signal to break away and hie to the bosom of his family.

Brownlee cursed himself and the crowd, and for the first time in his life felt sorry that he ever married. Outwardly, however, he gave no token of his chagrin, but smiled and cracked jokes and clutched at every straw that promised him relief from the mer-ciless persifiage of his ill-bred con-stituents. He finally managed to get his wife and himself into a foul-smelling country 'bus that carried passengers, and a hoarse shout that sounded half derisive to the well-trained perceptive faculties of Mrs. Brownlee went up from the platform through the darkness and rain as they drove

Brownlee told the 'bus driver to stop at the hotel. He did; but the owner was tearing down that part of the building where the rooms for guests were located to rebuild, he said "agin court time," and there was no place there for them. So there was nothing to do but what Brownlee, in the most desperate calculation of his chances had never contemplated even

as a last resort-stop at his home. "Daisy," said he in a hoarse voice as the 'bus splashed through the mire of the road; "Daisy"—softly taking her hand in his-"are you prepared to make a sacrifice for me; greater, I hope, than any I shall ever ask you to make for me again in all our lives."

She said "yes" wearily, with her head swaying loosely on her shoulders like a sick child's. "What do you ask

"That you will not hate and despise me when I introduce you to my father and mother," he said tenderly. "They are poor, then?" she asked in the same weary tone.

"They are the commonest people in the State. They are so common that when everybody in town had the cholera it passed them by as not worth noticing."
"My!" she exclaimed, "how did you

ever get into Congress?" "By my own efforts and not with the help of anybody in the world. I just simply hustled for it."

"Well," she said, "let it come." What she meant by "let it come" is something that must be left to the solution of the reader, but the resigned tone in which she uttered that dictum implied that as nothing worse than meeting the commonest people in the state could come to her, it was as well to let it come then as any

The parental Brownlees lived in a plain, yellow, frame house, colonial in style, in that it shot upward on four sides like a big box, but without any ornate adornments under the caves and without even a veranda, except a small one that afforded a view of the cabbage patch and a pig sty in the farther perspective at the back of the

Brownlee's mother smoked a corncob pipe and had whiskers. Brownlee's father ate his supper in his shirt sleeves and wore cowhide boots outside of his pants while he was eating it. The wonder was that he didn't go to bed with them. The furniture was scant, and they rented the house. That is, they rented it, but Brownlee, M. C., paid the rent.

The greeting that the Brownlees, drst edition, extended to the Brownlees, second edition, was cordial to demonstrativeness. The maternal Brownlee was something of a cook, and soon had a repast steaming on the table. It wasn't a bad supper, but Mrs. Brownlee didn't have her Washisgion appetite with her, and her slight headache had grown worse, and she asked to be shown to her room.

The room had no comforts except a patched carpet, a pine bedetead and an upright packing box with a curtain drawn around it for a washstand and

a pertable mirror of the species often seen at cheap auction store And this was what her Lake Como illusion had shrunk to!

When she arose the next morning her headache had not abated. The smell of fried pork and coffee that struck her olfactories while she was dressing was too much for her deli-cate nerves, and she never wished herself farther away from the house of her husband's parents than at that moment. She sipped a little coffee and then withdrew again to her room, just to be alone. When Brownlee, M C., entered she was lying on the bed,

fully dressed, weeping.

What passed between them in the interview that took place is a matter of conjecture. The result became evident when the bus drove up to the Brownlee mansion that evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee, the younger got in and rode to the depot. Brown-lee saw his wife safely aboard the Pullman car, and then stood on the platform and watched the train disappear in the distance. The same set or ruffian constituents who greeted him on his arrival were occupying their accustomed place on the plat-form, and indulged in their favorite pastime of heaving fossilized jokes at their representative in Congress. Brownlee swallowed it all in good part and then turned his back to the station and sauntered toward the parental mansion with the weary step of a man who had a load on his conscience.

But that did not deter Brownles from getting out and hustling. If he had worked like a Trojan the first time for his nomination, he threw his energy of double dose of Trojan devo-tion into his efforts now. All the voters in the district did not know what the loafers at the station knew and what Brownlee himself knew, that he came of the commonest stock of white blood "in the State." They perhaps didn't care. Brownlee had been a good member, and he could talk like a threshing machine, and his genial manners carried the day, and the result of it was that he was renominated and elected, and went back to Washington to finish his unexpired term of service in the House.

His wife sat in the gallery one day unseen by him when a great debate was on. Brownlee had prepared himself for the master effort of his life. He had got the consent of the leader on his side to make a speech. He attracted little attention as he arose and with his genial smile glanced over the House, drew a deep breath and launched forth. But by and by he warmed to his subject, and here and there a prember on the other side interrupted Then Brownlee's genius flashed forth in all its originality. Several members who had tried to trip him up found themselves mercilessly impaled upon the fiery shafts of Brownlee's sharp retorts, and held up to the ridicule of the House, while Brownlee smiled in that fetching way of his that made him resemble an expert conjurer when he contemplates the astonishment of the deluded victims of his craftiness.

Before he sat down Brownlee had scored a triumph that insured him a place on one of the big committees in the House when the next Congress

should organize. One of the doorkeepers handed him a note. He was receiving the con-gratulations of his side of the House, and he did not open it for several minutes, holding it almost forgotten in his closed hand. When he opened it he

"Dear Ally,-I am ready to beg your pardon now-any time. Come Am heartbroken. DAISY." Am heartbroken. -Washington Post.

It is odd what turns the collecting mania will take. There is a man in New York who never goes to the theaire, but has for twenty-five years collected the programmes of each New York playhouse weekly. Not only that, but he has clipped from each Tuesday's papers the criticisms of the new plays. All this vast quantity of data he has carefully preserved. It is odd how he started in the quest of the theatre programmes and data of the drama. In 1870 he was in very bad health. His doctor told him that he must exercise more. So he decided that he would walk around to the different theatres and ask for a program-The walking he found of benefit to his health, and it is an interesting fact that in twenty-five years he has not missed a day to make his rounds of the playhouses. He is a very shy old man, and as he has grown older his walks have been lengthened out, since new theatres have sprung up all over New York at considerable distances apart.-New York Letter.

Indiana Oil and Gas. Much interest is manifested throughout the Indiana gas belt over the proposition to dig deep wells for oil or gas. Capitalists will drill the well without the assurance of either gas, oil or water, but with hopes of strik-ing a vein. Major Doxey believes that after passing through the hard rock at the base of the porous Trenton, a flow of gas greater than ever before discovered in Indiana will be found. He is satisfied that natural gas and oil are in different stratas, separated by hard rook. If salt water is encountered, a pump will be applied, and, if necessary, the salt water will be pumped for a month or more, instances being or record where the best oil fields have been discovered after the salt water had been pumped out. Major Doxey is also of the belief that the Indiana gas field is similar to that in Pennsylvania, where the strongest flow is obtained in the second strata of Trenton stone. It is his firm belief that the Madison county gas belt will yet become one of the greatest oil fields in the United States.

Home of the Tulip. Holland has never completely re-covered from the tulip fever of the seventeenth century. At Haarlem they are holding the seventeenth quinquen-nial exhibition of bulb plants, hyacinths, narcissi, and tulips, which are again becoming popular in Europe. Among the flowers is an almost black

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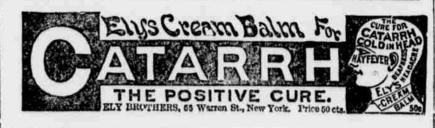
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